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UNITY

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1914. NUMBER 19.

"The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal was never yet occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the impediment, too, is in thyself: What matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic. O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only see."

—Thomas Carlyle.

The death of S. Weir Mitchell removes from American life the most striking illustration of the many sided quality of true genius. Here was great power, consecrated to the service of man and truth on many lines, and efficiency on any one line did not seem to limit or mar the power on others. A great novelist, a noble physician of highly specialized skill, a tireless lover of man, Doctor Mitchell's life seems to be a refutation of the pedagogy that in these days magnifies the importance of specialization. It is a rebuke to the physician, literary man or club woman, who offers specializing as an apology for the neglect of duties in other directions. Indeed, they turn their ignorance of many things and their indifference to many movements into a compliment because they are "so busy" with their life's work! Doctor Mitchell proved that a physician can and should be interested in many things if he is to be relied upon as a sane practitioner.

Some callow representative of the Associated Press made merry with the preachers throughout the country last Sunday by sending a sensational report of an address delivered by Doctor Charles Eliot as president of the General Unitarian Conference held in Buffalo last fall. The headlines preceding the dispatch declared in bold type that Doctor Eliot was promulgating a new religion. That he had eliminated the word "God" and was substituting the word "Our Father," etc., etc. When the full text of the address is studied it will be found that Doctor Eliot has done no more than the writer of the Epistle of James in the New Testament did when in the early days of the second century, probably, he moved the previous question in the presence of the involved philosophy of Paul and the metaphysical weavings of the Johannine School. The writer of James insisted on the fundamentals of morality as the first requirement of religion; and this unknown writer only did what Socrates did in the market place in Athens, what Mohammed did with the multitude of the gods of Arabia, what Channing, Theodore Parker and Felix Adler tried to do in the last century, namely, established a just perspective in the religious life. All of these preached in their own way sermons from the text in Micah which says, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love kindness and to walk humbly with thy God."

The movement seeking to induce church attendance on the part of all grown people on the first Sunday in February is one in danger of over-reaching itself. We believe profoundly in the spiritual economy of the church service. We believe as profoundly in the physical economy of the one day of rest. We believe further that there is no rest for the body so immediate and refreshing as the quickening of soul. We pity the men and women, who, in the interest of recreation devote their Sundays as well as their idle hours to the *"amusements"* that bring little or no re-creation of mind,—we had better call it that,—for *mind* is the best interpretation of the word soul. Consequently we earnestly desire a full church attendance on February 1; but we resent the converting of that particular Sunday either into a parade, a sensation, or a joke. Let no one visit the shrine of social worship on that day morning in flippant mood. Let the passion for fun, a disposition to enjoy the grotesque, a love of the boisterous,—which is the malady of the undergraduate constituency of American schools today,—be dropped on the first Sunday in February. Let no one convert either attendance or non-attendance on that day into a joke. Let us be serious gentlemen! Is there not something vital left out of your lives when you undertake to live them without the staying and sanctifying help to yourselves, your wives and your children, which comes from a reasonable loyalty to what to you is a reasonable faith. One reason why so many people avoid churches based on creeds they do not believe in, is because they refuse to give the co-operation and to receive the benediction that might come to them either in churches they do believe in, or, in churches that might be established if such as they would recognize the privileges and duties of co-operation in the things of the higher life. Individualism in religion is as unscientific, impossible and immoral, as individualism in morals or in business.

The Labor War

The lamentable battle between the employed and the employers, in the great mining industries of America, seems to be moving on with unabated momentum to still more dire confusion and more lamentable results. Once the struggle is studied in detail, one comes upon endless complications, multitudinous wrongs on both sides, misinterpretations and misunderstandings none the less criminal because sincerely held or honestly promulgated. But back of it all remains the one simple issue which ought never to be lost sight of, and which can never be settled except in the right way, namely: The right of the laboring men to combine in their own interests and to have their interests represented in an organic way, legitimately formulated, as Capital is splendidly combined, strongly organized and systematically represented. This issue at its fountain head is a simple one. The mineral wealth of the world lies deep underground, mountains of rock and earth hide it away. Nothing but legions of living men with trained muscles and disciplined nerves can reach it and bring it to the surface. Capital, largely the result of previous legions of trained muscles and disciplined nerves, is anxious to join forces with Labor that by mutual co-operation the wealth of the mines may be exploited for the benefit, primarily, of the world at large, secondarily for their own interest. Thousands upon thousands of the laborers who possess these muscles and nerves have crossed the sea, and ventured not only their own lives but the lives of their wives and children in this high undertaking. Many of them have bought lands, built homes and have closed the gates of destiny behind them. They are irrevocably miners. They cannot escape the fate of miners. Capital, on the other hand, has made large adventures and risked many millions of dollars in these great undertakings. Clearly here are two elements in the partnership, a partnership definite, absolute, and so far as human will can control, irrevocable. Capital is organized from the start. Its right to organize there is no one to dispute; but Capital, not content with its acknowledged right of co-operative action. denies to Labor an equal right. However many *rights* of Capital are trampled upon by the incoherent flounderings of disorganized or unorganized Labor, the RIGHT of the matter is on the side of Labor, and Capital is in the wrong of it until the organic unit represented by the laboring partner in the combination is recognized. The sad blind thing in this situation is the brutal obstinacy of Capital which persists in refusing to laborers the right to organize in their own interests as capitalists have so efficiently succeeded in doing.

When this RIGHT is conceded to Labor, then, and not till then, will Capital be in a condition to claim its *"rights,"* and the way be comparatively short to the rectifying of the wrongs that promptly spring on both sides out of the hasty, selfish and ever reprehensible tactics of war. Once Labor is organized, and recognized as an entity in the eyes of the law and public sentiment, justice can be sought at adequate courts of equity and the verdicts of the same could and would be enforced by the strong arm of the law and public sentiment. The striking miners in Michigan, Virginia and elsewhere may be wrong in nine points of their contention, but as long as this one remaing right is denied them, their employers have no standing in the courts of justice. Is not the whole matter summed up in these propositions:

I. Capital is elaborately and efficiently organized.

II. Labor, with as great an interest at stake, to say the least, claims the right to organize.

III. Capital denies this right and refuses to recognize this multiple unit.

IV. When Labor is permitted to organize as freely and efficiently as Capital, then, and not till then, either party can go into a competent court, present their wrongs and urge their claims.

V. Results of such an inquiry can be enforced by legal processes of government as the decisions of all other courts are enforced.

VI. Following the recognition of these entities with the rights of belligerency granted, will surely come recognition of mutual interests, and sympathy and co-operation and a reasonable sharing of the profits will follow, and Capital, the result of the sweat of yesterday, will make common cause with Labor, the sweat of today, in the interest of all parties and for the fairer life of all concerned, in the tomorrow.

Let all sides then cease the darkening of council with words until this fundamental question is settled. If Capital persists in its brutality of refusing to recognize the combined rights of the thousands who have homed around the mouths of the mines, then the state, the benignant arm of the law, backed by the more benignant sentiment of the public,—the third party in the strike,—should insist on the higher pacification of labor troubles by the civilized methods of armitration instead of the barbaric methods of war.

A Prophet of the Sand Dunes

To one born and reared on a farm, particularly a western farm, where merit lies in muck and values lie in black soil, sand is the dreariness of desolation. It is synonymous with poverty. It suggests hunger and thirst. To such the barren mounds shaped into fantastic ridges and hills, suggestive of mountains, along the shores of Lake Michigan, seem to be the most forbidding of wastes. A territory to be avoided, as inhospitable as snow drifts, made perpetual.

It is the high business of the artist to interpret the commonplace in terms of beauty, to touch things near with a glory of the divine. At last the sand dunes of Michigan have found an interpreter, one who has entered into the secret of these hills, has companioned the winds that have touched them into graceful forms and mystic shadows, giving to sand banks a plasticity

second only to the watery waves that compete with them in airiness.

Earl H. Reed until recently was a Chicago business man, a man whom the years of youth and early maturity confined to the counting-room, a man whom circumstances held to matters pertaining to ledgers and percentages. But this native of Illinois, child of the most practical age and the "business center" of the western world, was fore-doomed by inheritance, temper and aspirations to be an artist. In his early years he snatched some training at the Chicago Art Institute, and always the pencil, the brush, the camera, and at last the etcher's needle, represented his escape from drudgery, his re-creation from toil.

At last the etcher's inspiration possessed him and the Dunes above all else claimed him. In these later years his passion has justified itself, and he has given himself ungrudgingly to art. Largely through his activity the Chicago Society of Etchers, of which he is president, came into being, and their first exhibition of work presented in the Art Institute, a little over a year ago, was a surprise and a joy to all artists. And lo! the intelligent and cultivated awakened to the fact that Chicago had been nursing prophets of beauty unawares. The foremost exhibitor in this exhibition was none other than Earl H. Reed, the whilom man of business, now the president of the society. In his playtime he had found and portrayed the beauty latent in the grimy and grim surroundings of the Chicago River and bits of nearby architecture. But most of all did he revel in the sand and water views along the western shore of Lake Michigan.

Recently Mr. Reed carried his portfolio to New York, and there also scored a success among the competent and won a place in the confidence and esteem of the art fraternity. *The International Studio,* published in New York, gives in its November number the leading place to an article by W. H. de B. Nelson, entitled "A Front-rank Man in American Etching," in which article the writer says: "We have no hesitancy in assigning to him today the highest rank among living American etchers." To substantiate this faith the magazine reproduces seven of Mr. Reed's marvelous poems in black and white. Here are "Old Apple Trees," "Twilight on the Dunes," "The Homing Call," "Neighborhood Gossip," "The Voices of the Dunes," "A North Woods Hermitage," and "The Course of True Love." Here the winds beat the waves and the sand dunes into such graceful confusion of line that one is at a loss to know where the sea ends and the earth begins. In "The Homing Call" the water fowls are hastening from their day's labor to their night's rest, pursued by a threatening storm. In the "Neighborhood Gossip" a group of crows are dealing in a scandal so absorbing that the mother crow, on an adjoining nest, is torn between her curiosity and the maternal instinct. In "The Course of True Love" the sweet confidences of two are interrupted by the jealous rival on a neighboring bough, but even the birds and the trees are but accessories in the masterpieces of this man who can paint the wind, catch the sand in motion, and almost etch the roar of the breakers on the shore.

The interest of UNITY readers will not be abated when they learn that this Mr. E. H. Reed is a long time devoted friend and supporter of UNITY, the Lincoln Centre and All Souls Church. His appreciative and helpful helpmeet, Mrs. E. H. Reed, has for many years been the efficient superintendent of All Souls Sunday School, and a persistent worker in the activities at the Lincoln Centre.

THE LOST TRAIL

Green woodland pity heals the ancient scar;
  Spring after spring, through still unresting years,
In little saplings and the tufted pine,
  The old trail disappears.

Forbidden vine and fern-brake come once more;
  Brown leaves have hid the secret deep and well;
Only the scattered blaze-marks, blurred and dim,
  A fading message tell.

One coming here might seek for it in vain;
  There is no sign above the guarded gate
To point the path, to where the still wood keeps
  Its heart inviolate.

The old path fades, forgotten; only guessed,
  And scarcely found and once more lost again.
No record serves to show the long-healed wound
  Of havoc and of pain.

God send all trails forgetfulness as this!
  Such healing pity of the kindly years,
That no swift-footed memory may find
  Lost places of old tears!

Atlantic Monthly. —*Arthur Ketchum.*

MY CONSCIENCE.

Sometimes my Conscience says, says he,
"Don't you know me?"
And I, says I, skeered through and through,
"Of course I do.
You air a nice chap ever' way,
I'm here to say!
You make me cry—you make me pray,
And all them good things thataway—
That is, at *night.* Where do you stay
Durin' the day?"

And then my Conscience says, onc't more,
"You know me—shore?"
"Oh, yes," says I, a-trimblin' faint,
"You're jes' a saint!
Your ways is all so holy-right,
I love you better ever' night
You come around,—'tel plum daylight,
When you air out o' sight!"

And then my Conscience sort o' grits
His teeth, and spits
On his two hands and gabbs, of course,
Some old remorse,
And beats me with the big butt-end
O' *that* thing—'tel my clostest friend
'Ud hardly know me. "Now," says he,
"Be keerful as you 'd orto be,
And *allus* think o' me!"

The Century. *James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE PULPIT

The Eternally-Womanly

A Series of Six Sermons

Preached at

THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

IV.

St. Monica—The Woman Saint

November 30, 1913

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer

Infinite Distance! Who art so far above and so far beyond, can we bridge the distance with words? May our phrases serve as a pathway over which the soul may travel to Thee. Help us, thou unspeakable, to speak the words of faith and hope and love, as they fall from our human lips, in such a way that they may suggest the infinite fount of love out of which they spring, toward which they ever trend.

Infinite Nearness, when words fail and our phrases mock, help us to open the heavenly gates within and approach thine altars in our own hearts, and there recognize the revelations of that power that swings the planets, tugs at our wills, rebukes our wilfulness, cheers our efforts, soothes our pains and disappointments.

Father, we pray Thee for the prayerful heart, we seek the trusting spirit, faith in things invisible. Amen.

SERMON.

Saintship today is an obsolete word in the vocabulary of growing numbers in "progressive" America and in "cultured" circles. Piety is a suspected word. In many mouths it is more a term of reproach than of compliment. The attitude of mind implied in the word "pious" is not produced to any great extent in college circles, it does not enter into the credentials necessary to graduation. The would-be scientific, aye, the would-be philanthropic, often suspect the word and seek not its inner meaning. And still a sense of the presence of an unseen reality, the humility of soul that recognizes its own finiteness, bearing it forward to a subtle consciousness of infinite connections, a readiness to trust where it cannot see, a "peace that passeth understanding," all the gifts of a loving heart are very present powers and overwhelming realities in human experience. A hurried quest for truth and helpfulness, a feverish push for leadership and power, a thirst for efficiency, may and do press the soul along short lines of service and bring some of the potencies that are admired for a day; they may occupy a conspicuous place in the front of the stage over which generations pass, but the centuries forget those who have not established, in one way or another, a kinship with things eternal, a relationship with the unseen world. The soul that does not draw its source from subterranean rivers, fails in times of drought and cannot resist the strains of life.

And so this morning, in this fourth sermon in the search of the "Eternally-Womanly" that "leads us on and upward," to use Goethe's significant phrase, I have taken the name of one of the most tender and loving and lovable saints in the calendar of the Mother Church of Christendom. The story of Monica, the mother of the great western father of the Catholic Church, Augustine. *Saint* Augustine indeed, not by any vote of cardinals, not by any proclamation from papal palace, but "saint" by the potency of his life, by the far-reaching power of his word and work.

To study St. Augustine is to get deep into the theology of the past, is to find the Calvin before John Calvin. He grappled with the perplexing problems of free will and fate, and formulated a theory of the divine government from which we may recoil. But a sympathetic study of Augustine will carry us farther than his theological work. It will land us at the gates of his great "City of God," that classic work which outlines the foundations of a city on earth that will be an imitation of the City of God in heaven. This was the first of that long line of bewitching and inspiring creations in the literature of the Christian era that have lured men on to better civic efforts and higher attempts in government. "The City of God" was the fore-runner of Moore's "Utopia," Bellamy's "Looking Backward," William Morris's "News from Nowhere" and Howell's "Altruria."

To study Augustine is to study a master of language, an accomplshed scholar, a man who loved the Greek and who honored the Latin tongue. To study him is to study a "master of rhetoric"—as they were called in those days. To study Augustine is to get pretty near the fountain head of that great power that tamed and cultivated the wild barbaric tribes of Teuton, Celt and Norman antecedents. Whatever is noble and strong and fine in the various potencies of the Catholic Church, they owe a part of their power and many of their sources to this bishop of Hippo, who labored on the southern shore of the Mediterranean in the fourth century of the Christian era.

But if our study of Augustine goes no farther than this, we shall fail to touch the secret of his influence, the triumphant potency of the man. Here, as so often, I was going to say, as always, in the biography of greatness, we come sooner or later to the center of inspiration when we study the soul of the mother that bore him.

Monica was an early Christian. She grew up in an age when paganism was still the fashionable religion; nay more, when paganism was the religion of philosophy and art. In one form or another Greek religion was cast in Gre'co-Roman moulds. This was the religion of the courts and the message of the cultivated. St. Monica had a rollicking but loyal husband, Patricus, who had some kind of an honorable connection with the army. He was a "society man." He turned a stolid front towards the religious life either of Rome or of Jerusalem, showing equal indifference to the appeals of those who visited the altars of Jupiter, the altars of Jehovah, or the shrine of the Christ. To Monica was born a son of great intellectual promise, of great beauty and varied interests and enthusiasm. He developed a love of the beautiful and was a student of classic authors and became early enamored of philosophy. The stage attracted him. He was for a gay, happy and full life —phrases too often upon the lips of collegiates yet, and the heart of the mother was torn with anxiety. Day and night she prayed that this beautiful son of hers might be led into the way of sanctity as well as of eloquence. The young man, chafing under the limitations of the rural village which was his home, escaped to Rome, that there he might have more "privileges;" that he might be at the center of art, that

he might know the charm and the inspiration of the drama. From Rome he went to Milan that he might perfect himself in oratory. He opened a school there to teach the classics and the philosophy of the time. The prayers of the mother followed him and as soon as practicable she joined her prodigal son. Still she yearned and hoped that a voice so splendid as this young man's promised to be, might be consecrated to the sanctities of religion, the loyalties of the better and higher life, then represented, more technically than now, by the word "Christian." She appealed to a bishop to use his influence, to guide her son who was treading the dalliance path of refinement and culture. The good bishop, seeing the tears of the mother, said: "Rest in faith. Let him alone; the child of such tears cannot fail to come to the light in due time."

At this time, Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, was drawing multitudes Sunday after Sunday into the cathedral by the power of his eloquence, and by the charm and sweetness of the liturgy that he was introducing into the service. Ambrose, in the traditions of the Catholic Church, is the father of Christian hymnology. He introduced singing into the church service. He is the alleged author of many, the real author of some, of the great hymns of the Catholic Church and perhaps of some of the great music. The art side of Ambrose's ministry, more than the thought side, touched the life of this brilliant young man. He haunted the cathedral to hear the bishop because he used such elegant Latin, and his appeals were so finely worded. Still there was an unsatisfied hunger at the heart of young Augustine. His mind was keen enough to realize that his philosophy was superficial. He himself has told the story with wonderful frankness. Let it be understood that the first awakening of the heart of Augustine,—by his own confession,—came from reading a book (now lost) by Cicero, entitled "Hortensius," which was an appeal for a better and deeper study of philosophy, a call to the philosophic life.

Weighed down and distracted with a sense of his inadequacy and incompleteness, Augustine tells how, in his distress, he heard a voice, it may be, the voice of a boy or girl, maybe an angel from on high, he knew not, which said: "Take and read, take and read," and he opened the book of the Christians and found that text of Paul's which says:

> Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof.

And so with tears and spiritual distress he came to a sense of that mission which he so glorified. In due time, in his thirty-third year, he was baptized by Ambrose, and the heart of the mother rejoiced. She was present to witness the consecration. The son in language tender and strong tells how in that same year, far from home, the mother sickened of an epidemic and on her dying bed held high communion with her two sons. One of them, when the end was plainly inevitable, said: "You would like to be buried in your native land for that would be a happier lot for you." She replied: "Lay this body where you will and be not anxious about it. Only I beseech you, remember me at the altar of God wherever you are." Then was chanted at her bedside the hundred and first Psalm, which I read to you for my scripture lesson. And with this benediction she passed away and was buried in foreign lands in an unknown grave. The great hymn of Ambrose is said to have comforted the bereaved sons at the funeral.

> Creator of the earth and sky,
> Ruling the firmament on high,
> Clothing the day with robes of light,
> Blessing with gracious sleep the night.
>
> That rest may comfort weary men,
> And brace to useful toil again,
> And soothe awhile the harassed mind,
> And sorrow's heavy load unbind.

Thus, wrote Augustine in his "Confession," little by little I came back to my former thoughts of Thy handmaid and her life, so devoted to Thee, so kind and complaisant, in all that befits a saint, toward us. And as I dwelt upon that sudden loss, I wept freely in Thy sight over her and for her, over myself and for myself. I gave my pent up tears license to flow as they would, and laid them as a bed for my heart. And it found rest upon them; for Thy ears alone could hear my weeping, not man, who might have scorned me.

And now, O Lord, I confess unto Thee in my book. Let anyone that will read it, and make of it what he will. And if he count it a sin that for a fraction of an hour I should have wept for my mother, that mother who in my sight for a while was dead, who had wept so many years for me that I might live in Thy sight, yet let him not scoff at me; but rather, if his charity be large, let him weep for my sins unto Thee, the Father of all the brethren of Thy Christ.

Let the story of this devout mother introduce my appeal for the pious life. I know that piety is a suspected word. Theodore Parker was wont to say that he loved piety but he despised pī-ē-ty. "Piety" was a favorite word on his lips. It stood to him, as he so often expounded it for the love of God, and the love of God, to him, meant the consciousness that the universe was directed for good ends.

In pleading for piety I am not pleading for any form of ritual, for any form of faith that may be challenged. I plead for a sense of dependence upon the power beyond ourselves, the recognition of an order that is working toward higher and purer and sweeter living. I plead for that life of the soul that rises above the vaulting ambitions of the day, that rebukes the lust for power and position, that is ashamed of the show, the sham, the hurry and those small entanglements that so absorb the life about us. I plead for that sense of dependence on something unseen that discounts and cheapens the power of things seen. That brings, as I have said, first a sense of humility, that realizes how small and weak we are, and out of that humility brings a patience and a persistence that will endure until it blooms into a peace that is thankful and triumphant, resting in a faith that makes self consecration easy. The saints are those who seek something beyond their own advancement. The saints are those who distrust external forces alone as being adequate even to clean an alley.

Saints are those who realize that the movements of life are deliberate, that the clock of progress has a long pendulum, the ticks of which count the centuries. But the pendulum does swing and the clock does tick; the hands of the dial do move, not in response to the feverish haste of man, but according to the deliberate unfoldings of the universe. I plead for the life of the soul which is involved in whatever makes for human betterment.

"O but I want to make my own home sweet," "I want to make our own city wholesome," or, "I want

to remember our nation, don't you know!" or, "I want to advance my own sex," to "promote my church," "my denomination," or, "*our* Christianity!"

Let us heed the lessons taught us by the saints of history. I am not speaking of the saints of the church, though I for one am grateful that in the brutal, cruel ages of the past, through the clamor and glamour of war triumphs, through the spectacular achievements of wealth and commerce and science, there was at work a power, outwardly known as the Catholic Church, that persistently tried to discriminate between things outward and things inward; to direct those forces that move the heart and glorify the intangible achievements of spirit, rather than the passing achievements of matter. I love the books in my library that contain the calendar of saints named by the church. I love to bask in the memory and influence of the sweet men and strong women who, In those terrible centuries, withdrew from the crush and crowd of politics, from the noise and clamor of the battlefield, from the style and fashion of courts, and filled their hearts with a sense of the unseen power, and rested in the thought of the Infinite, the Eternal Goodness, the triumphing power of love, the superlative quality of kindness, the unconquerable potency of the trusting heart,—which is Faith.

St. Monica is one more interpretation of that "Eternally-Womanly" that Goethe talks about. Do you know this picture which I hold in my hand, Airy Schaeffer's wonderful picture of "St. Augustine and his mother," as called in the books? Let us know it as the picture of "the mother and son," a plain, tearful, loving mother, winning at last to higher vision a brilliant and accomplished, and for a time, world-weary child. One who was enamored of all that is beautiful in the world, but who took that world out of the universe of God. In his youth Augustine courted the classics, poetry, art, the drama, music and what-not, all the accomplishments of men that could be acquired and enjoyed without considering their source and without a recognition of the fact that they are the buds on the limbs of that great tree of life, the roots of which strike into the unseen sources of power from below, and reach up into the unmeasured bounty and beauty and glory of the sunlight above. This culture tree blights, rots and fails if you dare cut the roots, or if you shut out for one week the sunlight. The artist in this picture has put the mother's face, radiant, gentle, potent, above the face of her boy. But the young man is now looking in the right direction, he is beginning to see the light which glowed before the eyes of the prayerful mother for years.

This is true to history. The mother heart has been the school that has trained the saints in all religions and in all ages. The earliest altars were fireside altars which were kept burning by the hand of the pacific women. The Vestal Virgins who kept the sacred fires burning on the primitive altars typified the presence of religion in all times and all ages. Some of you have noticed that picture in my study, a reproduction of one of Vedder's cartoons in the library in Washington, in which is portrayed the spirit of worship. Its altar is a fire burning on a rude stone. In obedience to the challenge of the spirit, a poor primitive maiden in her nakedness and an accomplished modern maiden in her spotless white robe, join in the attitude of adoration. There is no culture known in the past or the present that may be substituted for this attitude of worship, or can satisfy this hunger of the human heart for a sense of the ineffable presence.

Having said this, let me hasten to say that here, as in my studies of other soul powers, piety is not exclusively a feminine grace. When we come to study the great saints and martyrs of the world, we find that the sex lines are superficial, unreal and intrusive, whenever we touch the great profundities of religion we promptly go below the dividing line between men and women and rise above the boundaries and barriers of sex. The great saviors of the world, the great bible makers of history, the saints, which all ages and races recognize, were more of them men than women. I will not stop to account for, or to apologize for this fact, I merely state it, and refer you to the pages of history for vindication. This means at least that the saintly life has in it an element of vigor and virility and that it is a product of brain. The pī-ĕ-ty that disgusted Theodore Parker may have had in it a large degree of sentiment; may have been an emotion instead of a thought; but piety, the spiritual love of the power above, the sense of the eternal, comes from thinking. Infidelity and irreverence are not the children of thought, but of shallow thought. Flippancy in the presence of the altars of religion indicates the absence of a thoughtful mind. Frivolity is an offense to piety.

Man has been well described as a laughing animal. A laugh bespeaks a grasp of intellect that enables one to see the world in its entirety, and recognizes the broken connections, the passing entanglements. The power to laugh is the gift of thought but the power of giggling man holds in common with the chattering ape. Beware of the culture that stops with a giggle, and the development that turns out boys and girls always in search of "fun," "more fun!" who test even their class-room by the amount of fun it yields. The lambs may skip in the meadow without thought of the future, or responsibility. The birds, bless them! chatter and twitter in the boughs, quite unconscious of the coming storm, quite unaware of the responsibilities that nature has worked out for them, but boys and girls who grow up in twentieth century homes are more than lambs, they need to be trained into a culture that will fit them for things higher than the twitter of bird,—however beautiful in plumage, or fascinating in song.

There is an element of thoughtfulness in the pious life. Bring your denials and your questions and your criticisms of the sacred paths, sacred books and sacred habits of the past, ridicule them, and still the thinking man will take your doubts and criticisms and frame them in a greater mystery, embower them in a world mystery, finding even your sneers, testifying to the profundities and realities of life.

I plead for that saintliness which comes from a sense of responsibility to a higher power than man. I plead for that piety which brings a desire to serve, which realizes that we hold our commission from a power further back than courts or committees, clubs or colleges. Saintliness enables us to realize the Monica indifference to what comes of the body and its interests. She, in her tender human way, uttered the same thought that animated the great Sokrates,

waiting his execution hour. When a disciple tearfully asked him where he would have them bury him, he replied:

"Any place you please, if you can catch me."

Once more I say, let us think of this "Eternally-Womanly" of Goethe's thought, not as of the feminine gender but as of the spirit of love which is stronger than the power of armies, the guiding spirit of trust which is the reward of philosophy, the sense of fellowship with all living things which makes life sweet but not boisterous, busy, but not forever in a hurry. It gives great tasks to do and by the same token releases us from a lot of foolish and silly chores that are scarcely worth while. After all, the well being of the home, the city, the state and the nation rests not upon the enforcement of ordinances, ecclesiastic or civic, so much as upon the consecration of men and women who, under any ordinace or without ordinance, will make life beautiful, and will bring the blessings of living within the reach of the multitude. What we need in our politics is more piety. What we need in our homes is more faith. What we need in our lives is more peace. The remedy for the high cost of living is the simplifying of our wardrobes and our pantries. The simple life which only the saints understand. The word saint is allied to purity, the pure soul, like a pure garment, is not a negative quantity. It takes a good deal of brushing and washing and cleaning to keep garments clean in Chicago, and it takes as much labor to keep the soul pure in Chicago, to keep the heart tender, to keep the mind unspotted, and allied to things superlative.

How can I enforce this sermon with illustration or appeal which will help us to understand that we have not yet invented a substitute for the old-fashioned grace of mother piety. We cannot do without the "consolations of the Lord," the religious trust which has come down through the ages with the fragrant stories of earth's loving ones and through the triumphs of earth's prophets and seers.

Are you afraid of bibliolatry? Do you talk about the "superstitions" of creeds? Think more and not less. Go deeper and you will find the bible back of the bibles, the inspiration back of the creeds. You will find yourself at peace with things that you do not agree with. Better, O a hundred times better, that the soul should fine temporary rest in the presence of Thirty-nine Articles of impossible theology, than that it should wander and chatter like a bird on the bough, indifferent to any of the profound questions of being and of destiny. If the Thirty-nine Articles are inadequate, go behind them and find, perhaps, ten articles that are desirable and indisputable, substantiated by science and endorsed by philosophy, cherish these.

I have been reading this week some touching biographies. Lyman Trumbull's biography, our friend and neighbor here in the earlier days of this church, who used to have a greeting and a kind word for us in our quest. For eighteen years he was in the United States Senate; he was the comfort and confidant of Lincoln; he was in the forefront of those great years that tried to carry on the Lincoln tasks. Along towards the last of the book comes a letter to his mother, which story reminds us of the Confessions of Augustine. He frankly confesses that the conventional interpretations of religion are not his, but tells her how he has rested all the years in the thought of a power working with, for, and through him, and he graciously recognizes his mother's tears and her blessing.

I have been reading the boyhood of John Muir. A story which would be heart-breaking were it not so inspiring, of the lost joys of childhood when growing up on a frontier farm. He had a father whose piety was hard and conventional, but a mother who was tender and patient and pathetic. He tells how that pious home was lifted by the little bunch of books which his father and the neighboring immigrants had brought from over the water. He came here when he was eleven years old. He alludes to Southey's poems as being a source of perpetual delight and joy to him. He recalls the story of "Inchcape Rock" as told by Southey, as having been of great interest to him. The good Abbot Aberbrothok hung a bell on the rocky shore that it might ring the danger signal to sailors on dark and stormy nights. But the flippant, wicked lads of the sea, with the violent Ralph the Rover at their head, out of sheer mischief and for the purpose of plaguing the pious abbot, cut the rope and dropped the bell into the deep and then sailed away. Later coming back with his ships laden with plunder, Ralph the Rover was approaching the shores of Scotland when the sky became overcast and the storm drove them he knew not where. The sailors anxiously said: "We must be near Inchcape Rock." "Would," said he, "I could hear the ringing of the abbot's bell." But the abbot's bell was at the bottom of the sea, and presently the shock came, the ship was wrecked, and Ralph the Rover sank to company the bell at the bottom of the sea.

I would like to put a broader interpretation upon this story than any that could come to John Muir, the lonely boy in the prairie home in Wisconsin. O how, in our easy nurture, in our complacent culture, are we tempted to cut the rope that rings the bell, hung by pious fathers and devout mothers to warn the children of men in the days of darkness and danger. How unnecessary the bell seems to be in the calm and sunshine, but when storms gather and skies lower and the light is withdrawn, then, if not until then, the ringing of the mother's bell, the warning of the faithful fathers of history, are needed and welcome. Many and many a son of man and daughter of woman has gone down in the tempestuous seas of temptation because they had cut the rope that hung the bell that would have sounded the alarm and given warning of the hidden rocks ahead.

O let us spell piety with the short vowel, not the pī-ē-ty of pretentions, not the hypocrisy of form, though hypocrisy is a tribute to sincerity. The very hypocrisy in the church is a recognition of a verity which all fain would realize. We will not seek the pĭĕty of formality but the piety of the intellectual life, of the inquiring mind, of the devout heart, of the self-sacrificing life, the life fed with the Christ ideals in God, the Eternal, ever present, power, out of which comes love, service, joy, peace, trust.

Now may the peace that passeth understanding, the peace that rests in the love of the Eternal, be and abide with us now and forevermore. Amen.

Most of our irritability comes from hunting the rough places in the road.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

By
Charles Edwin Perkins

All arguments for delaying justice are groundless. . . . The mere assuming that people are prepared for the right goes far to prepare them for it. They are ashamed to prove themselves to be less than they are taken to be. On the other hand, to assume that they are not for the right is to put it into their heads to be wrong.

(To William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, September 12, 1865.)

To the fair and noble memory of Anne Fitzhugh Miller

Introduction.

"Gerrit Smith," wrote George William Curtis, "was one of the men whose service to this country was not inferior to that of the Fathers of the Revolution. As the earlier patriots made the nation independent, their later brethren made it free and just." *

Mr. Smith took part in the campaign for the extirpation of slavery, because he was impelled by a passion for universal justice. Slavery was the most obvious and flagrant form of social injustice, in the period of his greatest public activity, and it therefore engaged a leading share of his philanthropic efforts. But all oppression, all denial of rights, all exploitation of classes was hateful to him. His sympathies ran in the line of the social sympathies of the great prophets of Israel, and of the greatest prophet of all time, Jesus of Nazareth.

As an anti-slavery advocate he combined sympathy with the slaveholder with pity for the slave. Uncompromising in his opposition to the "sum of all villainies," he was careful to be just to those enmeshed in its toils. "Gerrit Smith belonged," to quote Vice-President Henry Wilson, "to the class of abolitionists who could love the slave without hating the master. . . . Inded, he was the furthest remove from that 'malignant philanthropy' sometimes charged against reformers."

Apportioning the blame for slavery equally between the North and South, he was a firm advocate of compensated emancipation, seriously injuring, for a time,

THE MANSION, PETERBORO.

The frame of the mansion was raised in 1799, but it was not completed and occupied until 1806. Smithfield, the town, and Peterboro, the village, commemorate in their names the name of the mansion's builder, Judge Peter Smith.

It is probable that, under no private roof in America, have so many distinguished persons been entertained, and so many poor and humble folk as well, as have enjoyed the hospitalities of the Peterboro mansion. It is today the residence of Hon. Gerrit Smith Miller, grandson of the philanthropist.

*Editorial in *Harpers' Weekly*, January 16, 1875.

his repute among many of his fellow abolitionists, because of his insistence that, since the entire nation was responsible for slavery, the entire nation should share in the cost of getting rid of it. He occupied identical ground with Lincoln in this matter, though differing from Lincoln in his refusal to acknowledge any law for slavery. But great and effective as were Gerrit Smith's labors in the cause of the slave, such endeavors constituted only a single feature of the interests of a life devoted in many ways to the wide concerns of humanity. Very early he became an advocate of total abstinence, and of the closing by law of "places for the manufacture of paupers and criminals and the insane," as he characterized dramshops; and throughout his career his efforts in behalf of temperance were only second to his work for the uplifting of the blacks.

One of the few men of prominence who, in the beginning of the agitation for justice to women, threw the weight of their influence upon the side of that despised reform movement, he continued to the end of his days faithful to woman's cause.

As an opponent of war, he is to be remembered with honor and gratitude, as a consistent advocate of universal arbitration, and proponent of an international court, such as in these later years has been established at the Hague. When the armed struggle came between North and South, Mr. Smith became, and continued to the end, an ardent supporter of the government in its policy of putting down the rebellion. But while he advocated drastic war measures, it was on the ground, sincerely held, that, great as was the evil of a war for the maintenance of the nation's integrity, the destruction of the Union would be an evil far greater. No sooner was the conflict closed, however, than he appeared as an advocate of merciful policies towards the conquered South. Indeed, one of the finest incidents in the whole course of his strenuous labors for mankind, is that in which he pleaded in behalf of justice and against measures of reprisal, with regard to the people of the states that had been in rebellion.

Coincident with these larger interests in the activities of this great citizen was a stream of philanthropy, called forth by a tender-hearted feeling for all wrong and suffering, which ran in ten thousand directions, and ceased not until the touch of death palsied the hand so used to giving.

Gerrit Smith's home life was ideal. In his home he found all earthly solace. It was the earthly paradise to which he could always retire from the collisions into which his incessant reform undertakings brought him. The spirit which ruled in the sacred precints combined heavenly with earthly love. The atmosphere was religious; humanly and beautifully so.

And this suggests the last, though not the least, important of the great interests and activities of Gerrit Smith. He was a religious reformer. One of the earliest to recognize the falseness of any religion, so far as it disassociated faith from opposition to public evils, he gradually worked his way forward to a full recognition of the social claims of Christianity. He was a prophet of the New Reformation, a forerunner of the brave and far-seeing apostles of that Twentieth Century Christianity which is bending efforts towards "Christianizing the Social Order."

Paying tribute to Gerrit Smith, after his death, William Lloyd Garrison wrote of him:

"His case is hardly to be paralleled among the benefactors of mankind in this or any other country. The language of eulogy, often so absurdly or so timidly applied, may in this instance be used in the strongest force without danger of exaggeration. No description of sublime deeds can match their performance. Truly, in the Peterboro philanthropist and reformer was seen

> 'A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man.'"

It is the story of this rich and noble life that is attempted to be portrayed in the succeeding pages.

Keosauqua, Iowa, 1913.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Correction

Editor of UNITY:—

Dear Sir:—As my parents were married by, and I christened by, Robert Collyer, I have been reading with great interest the December number of UNITY which is dedicated as a memorial to his life and great service.

I am therefore writing to correct what I believe to be a mistake in the editorial about him. On page 244 appears the following sentence: "Robert Collyer, a minister of religion by divine appointment, was ordained into the Methodist ministry in England when a young man and some ten years later ordained into the Unitarian ministry in Chicago."

The mistake is the statement that he was "ordained into the Unitarian ministry." At the memorial services for Robert Collyer, held in Unity Church, Chicago, on Sunday, December 8, 1912, an address was made by Samuel S. Greeley, probably the oldest surviving member of Dr. Collyer's congregation in Chicago. He quoted from an old document which he had borrowed from the Chicago Historical Society, entitled "Historical Sketch of Unity Church, Chicago," prepared for the occasion of the celebration of the payment in full of the church indebtedness, held November 7, 1879, which was signed by Samuel S. Greeley, Benjamin F. Adams and William G. Lewis.

In part Mr. Greeley, in speaking of the new church at Dearborn Avenue and Chicago Avenue, said: "It was dedicated in the furious cold and snow of Christmas Eve of 1859, Rev. Dr. Hosmer of Buffalo preaching the sermon. Of this period Mr. Collyer writes to the committee: 'I was anxious to be free from the work of preacher to you, and have you call some well accredited man, and I sent in a letter urging this step; but you said the church had been built for me to preach in, and I must take the office. I was therefore called in the regular way and I accepted the call, but was never installed, as I had never been ordained;' and as if to remind us how entirely we had broken from bondage to the 'letter that killeth,' he adds: 'Nobody thought of it and I did not care to push it before you; I was welcomed by the Unitarian body in a special service held during the sitting of the Western Conference at Milwaukee, in June, 1859, and this was as near as I ever came to an ordination in any sense.'"

Respectfully yours,

FRANKLIN S. CATLIN,

Chicago, Dec 20, 1913 *Sec'y Unity Church.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDERMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO.

Helps To High Living

OF FRIENDSHIP

SUN.—It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends.

MON.—Friendship is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind is agreed.—Cicero.

TUES.—The only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

WED.—Friendship is the nearest thing we know to religion.—Ruskin.

THURS.—I counsel thee, if thou hast a trusty friend, go and see him often; because a road which is seldom trod gets choked with brambles and high grass.—Odin.

FRI.—What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other.—George Eliot.

SAT.—Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acqnaintance be forgot,
And days of o' lang syne?

A QUICK DECISION

I left a note beneath dad's plate
Last night in which I tried to state
What my position is on schools
An' spellin' books an' slates an' rules.
"Deer Dad"—that was the way I wrote
To him an' put it in the note—
"I have decided I am sore
On school, so I won't go no more
When it begins. I want to go
An' git a job to work at. So
No more at present." I wrote then
Beneath: "Your lovin' little Ben."

When dad turned up his plate an' seen
The note, he took it up between
His thumb and finger this away
An' read it through, and didn't say
A word; but give a sort o' frown
An' folded it an' laid it down
An' et his supper. Then he lit
His pipe an' set there smokin' it
Till bedtime. Then I said good night.
An' he said, "Good night, son; sleep tight!"
An' when I had got nearly half
The way upstairs I heard him laugh.

This mornin' before I come down
Dad had gone to his work in town.
An' when I turned my plate up, gee!
There was another note for me!
It said: "Dear son, by this you'll know
I have decided you're to go
To school when school begins again.
Schools are for boys and work for men;
I work for you, so you must be
Good and must go to school for me,
Or else meet me out in the shed.
Dad." So I'll just do as he said.

—*Omaha World-Herald.*

The Nobel Prize

For the first time since the Nobel fund was established one of its prizes has been awarded to an Asiatic. The prize for literature was given on November 13th to the Hindu poet Rabindranath Tagore, whose remarkable verses are written in Bengali, although he has translated many of them into rhythmical English prose. He comes of a family distinguished in India for leadership in public affairs and in the furtherance of a national art.

Youths' Companion.

Eight years ago there was only one girl in the country who could write eighty-two words a minute on a typewriter, and keep it up for an hour. She won a prize for speed and accuracy in 1906, held her supremacy for four years, and in 1909 raised the number of words to ninety-five. Then in 1910 a man wrote 109 words a minute. He kept the lead for two years, but lost it in 1912 to a girl who wrote at the rate of 117 words. This year another girl has taken the prize with a record of 125 words a minute. This marvelous increase in speed—a gain of more than fifty per cent over that of 1906—is due as much to improvements in the typewriting-machine as to greater skill on the part of the operator. The modern machine responds more quickly to the touch than the early ones, and works more freely. —*Youth's Companion.*

What is Religion?

Editor of UNITY:—

Sometime ago you were asking for definitions of religion. The following came to me in meeting yesterday, after having read Winston Churchill's "The Inside of the Cup." You are at liberty to use it if you think it is worth anything, in any way you choose.

Religion is the consciousness of a power at work in the world that makes for righteousness. This power is both within us and around us and the increase of righteousness depends upon the use we make of it.

ELIZABETH LLOYD.

Philadelphia, December 15, 1913.

GIVE OLD MOTHER NATURE A CHANCE

Escape from the shop for a little,
No matter just where it may be.
Go out in the green woods and whittle
Or wander along by the sea.
Fly forth from the turbulent city
And all of its clangorous ills,
And list to the jovial ditty
Of birds on the burgeoning hills.

No matter how much you enjoy it,
Drop work for a moment and dance.
Go out for a little and "boy it"—
Give Old Mother Nature a Chance.
Be noisy and fresh, and be jolly;
Build castles of nothing but air;
Drop worry and blank melancholy—
Escape from vexation and care.

Go lie on the grass and just holler;
Go laze by the babbling streams.
Forget there's a thing called the dollar,
And live in your visions and dreams.
Like mist of the night, like a bubble,
Will vanish unquiet and fear;
And out of the sea of your trouble
Will rise the warm sunlight and cheer.

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

Last year the forest service distributed 116,000 basket willow cuttings: 15,000 to forest schools, 20,000 to agricultural experiment stations, and 81,000 to individuals.

More than 800,000 horsepower has been developed from streams on national forests under government regulation. This represents the output under conditions of lowest streamflow.

Florida buttonwood, a tree confined largely to the keys along the south coast, is very highly prized for use in cooking on ship's galleys. It burns slowly with an even heat and makes but little smoke or ash.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

BROWNING LETTERS

The movement in England to raise $15,000 to buy the love letters of Robert and Elizabeth Browning for the sake of placing them somewhere in the custody of the nation, to our mind does not necessarily indicate a literary appreciation of the Brownings, but rather an attempt to gratify a prurient relish for gossip, a love of the curious, a passion for sensation. There is nothing striking in these letters, simply such warm outpourings as one lover reveals to another, and only to one another, and they are justified only in the eyes of that other one and should be respected as sacred, among the gifted children of genius, as they are among their more ordinary brothers and sisters in common life. The "Sonnets of the Portuguese" by Elizabeth and the "One Word More," "By the Fireside" and the various "Epilogues" and "Prologues" by Robert represent a love literature to which the public have the right because they were meant, sooner or later, for the public. They represent the gracious bounty which these children of light gave to the world out of the fullness of their own hearts, but these love letters should not have their privacy invaded. The present writer confesses that a sense of shame mantles the cheek whenever he ventures to intrude into that sacred privacy, and the "Letters," though published and on his library shelf, are still unread.

THE PROBATE COURT OF CHICAGO

The Probate Court of Chicago was recently called upon to pass upon the legitimate expenses of the junior heirs of Marshall Field, and it was found that $48,828 was the annual budget necessary for the proper rearing of the trio of little grandsons and one granddaughter of the great merchant prince of Chicago. The little maid spent $75 for kodaks, $80 for golf lessons, etc., and $1,140 for miscellaneous, besides $850 for pocket money; but the boys had higher needs than the little maid; $2,500 was appropriated to them by the judge of the Probate Court for a drag hunt, $2,000 each for other hunting and stable expenses. Shades of New England forefathers! Uneasy ghost of the thrifty and parsimonious Marshall Field! Are these the best results and the highest rewards of the money getter? How ingenious were the involutions of that rigid document, Marshall Field's will; how carefully were the provisions framed to keep his fortune intact, to repel the invasions of the impecuious and persistent business interests, that his business and his family might be perpetuated. This passing item in the newspaper ought to set the "successful" men to thinking. It calls for the revision of many wills now duly executed and probably deposited in safety vaults that in due time will testify not only to the selfishness but to the foolishness of the "successful" testator. Marshall Field's will may not have been according to the ethics of business a wicked will, but by the standards of the business he glorified, it was unspeakably silly. The prosperous man would much prefer to be called a knave than a fool. Oh! you men and women of wealth, when will you cease to be such fools?

LINCOLN MEMORIAL TABLETS

An order has recently been placed, through the UNITY office, for another set of the companion memorial tablets containing the Gettysburg address and the farewell Springfield address, to be placed in the High School building at Richmond, Ill. These tablets were prepared some years ago under the auspices of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, finished in the green fused metal, they can still be obtained for $25 for the pair and they make most fitting embellishments in public school buildings. They deserve a place in every high school building throughout the land, combining as they do decorative dignity with historic value, and spiritual inspiration. The same tablets in monumental bronze can be obtained for $75 per set, but in the cheaper material, when placed where they will be kept dry, they are practically as effective and will preserve their dignity for an indefinite period. If later along more affluence will justify an investment in the imperishable bronze, the continuity can be kept, for both materials are cast in the same mold. There is time yet to order these tablets and have them delivered in time to be installed and dedicated at the Lincoln birthday celebrations on or near the 12th of February. It will take about ten days to fill an order. UNITY will be glad to place any orders received and will be proud if it lies within its power to promote such patriotic ends. The tablets in bronze can be seen in position at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, and a sample of the fused metal finish can also be shown here.

FACT VERSUS FICTION

The following facts, given in a communication to the *Chicago Tribune* by W. S. Hannah, secretary of the Mercantile Club of Kansas City, Kan., cannot be quoted too often or with too much emphasis:

"Our attention has been called to certain statements regarding Kansas City, Kan., as published in your paper over the signature of A. P. Daniels of the Manufacturers' and Dealers' Association of your city.

"His statements are vicious and untrue. This city has prospered morally, socially and financially since the elimination of the saloon and its attendant evils as never before in its history. It is spending more money for public improvements than ever before. Among the improvements is an extensive park system. Notwithstanding the large improvements our tax rate has decreased. In 1905, for all purposes, it was $2.32. In 1913 it is $1.61. The reason for this seeming paradox is that graft does not permeate our public service as formerly. Wasteful administration has been stopped, and the prosperity which has come since the destruction of the saloon has increased the taxable wealth of the city. The Mercantile Club has never been out of existence a day, but is active and prospering as never before.

"Deposits in savings banks have more than doubled. We consider that the city at a conservative estimate is better off financially by more than a million dollars annually than when the saloons were here. Morally and socially it is on a very much higher plane."

A NEW LIGHT

One of the most interesting of the numerous engineering novelties that will be included in the equpiment of the Panama-Canal International Exposition in 1915, will be the new nitrogen-filled electric lamp, developed by Dr. Irving Langmuir of the research laboratory of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y. This lamp will be used for the first time in general useful practice, in the standard lighting in all the small courts of the exposition, and throughout the Court of the Sun and Stars, including the fountains in that great Central Court. The lamps will vary in candle power between 1,525 and 2,500 and there may be a few as high as 5,000 candle power. The bulbs of the

lamps are filled with nitrogen, to increase their efficiency. For years efforts have been earnestly made to produce lamps of greater efficiency than the ordinary tungsten lamps. For a long time it was found impracticable to improve the lamps much more than ten to twenty per cent in light by various means, corresponding to a possible improvement in efficiency of only a few hundredths of a watt per candle. The melting point of the filament of the tungsten lamp prevented any increase in efficiency more than 0.2 of a watt per candle, for beyond that figure the blub blackened.

Time is the inexorable judge of life as well as of art. Sidney Lanier, the southern poet, said in his lecture on art at the Johns Hopkins University: "Let any sculptor hew us out the most ravishing combination of tender curves and spheric softness that ever stood for woman; yet if the lip have a certain fulness that hints of the flesh, if the brow be insincere, if in the minutest particular the physical beauty suggests a moral ugliness, that sculptor, unless he is portraying a moral ugliness for a moral purpose, may as well give over his marble for paving stones. Time, whose moral judgments are inexorably moral, will not accept his work. . . . Unless you are suffused with truth, wisdom, goodness and love, abandon the hope that the ages will accept you as an artist."

California Christian Advocate.

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and her fame was rapidly extending to the United States and Canada, she wrote to a friend: "I do not care about fame, or, rather, scarcely believe in such a thing for myself, but it is a pleasure to be able to give pleasure to so many people for the time being; that is, while popularity lasts." And this paragraph was the keynote of Jean Ingelow's character.

The Hesperian.

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

Henry Ward Beecher is reported to have once said to the sexton of Plymouth Church: "If you see anyone sleep in church, rush to the pulpit and wake me up!" The humorist, says a contemporary, still finds those who will smile or even laugh at the man who sleeps at church. Now what is the soporific quality in the preacher or preachment that causes the masculine somnolence? The laugh supposedly has its point in the supposition that the sermon is dull. The sleeping man is alert and intellectual, and thus out of sheer monotonous vapidity in the preacher he falls into slumber. Or at times the assertion is ventured that he, the worshipper, is really a crass materialist and given over to worldliness or even to a reprobate mind, and so finds nothing that appeals in the best of sermons. However, women are spiritually minded, keen in matters of religious interest, attentive to the message, receptive of its uplifting and revealing truths. They never sleep!

Now, however, comes a German psychologist who offers a new explanation of these facts. What are the real inwardnesses of the facts? The man that sleeps is not indifferent to spiritual teachings; he is more alert and absorbingly attentive than his mother, wife, sister or daughter, and this is his undoing! He follows the thread of thought, goes cheerily after it through all its ramifications; gazes intently upon the countenance of preachers, feels the vibrations of his every tone, and thus is put into a hypnotic sleep; it is auto-hypnosis! He listens all too well! The feminine mind is different. It is not more spiritual, more devout, but merely more discursive. When interest in the minister's message fails, there are the resources of the soprano's new hat; Mrs. A.'s queer combination of waist colors; Mrs. B.'s strange jewelry; Mrs. C.'s audacious coiffure; there are stains on the wall from the last rain; there are evidences of the janitor's carelessness—the carpet dust; and there are those fidgety, fussy little Norton girls; thus the good woman keeps out of slumberland, and thus again is mere man gloriously vindicated!

The Christian Life.

What I want to maintain is that it is not relation which blesses us, but the divine light we throw upon it by our wakeful consciousness of its divine origin. To be equal to it is a life of laborious assiduity. It is only when we consciously strive to lift whom we call our own to a higher level of existence that we pass out of the cramping concerns of the world into the house where the mansions are many.

Chunilal Mukerje.

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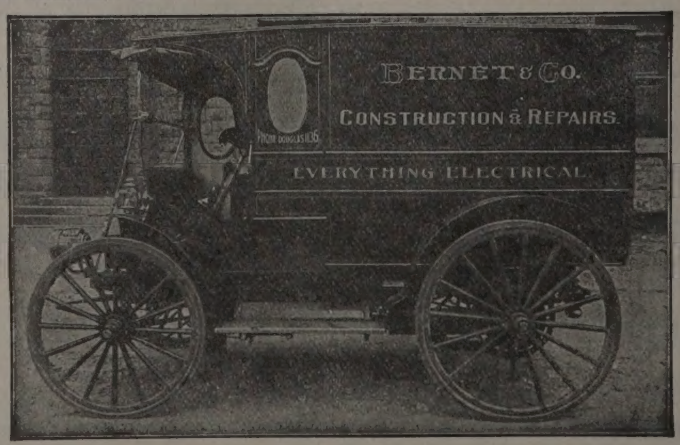

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